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THE RESURRECTION: A POEM.

In Three PARTS.

By WILLIAM DOUGLAS, *M. D.*
PHYSICIAN to His Royal Highneſs the PRINCE of WALES's Houſhold, and MAN-MIDWIFE.

Noſco meum in Chriſto corpus conſurgere, quid me
Deſperare jubes? veniam, quibus ille revenit
Calcatâ de morte viis. ——— Aurel. Prud. Clemen.

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(Price One Shilling.)

THE

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A

POEM.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE

PRINCESS of *WALES*:

This POEM on the

RESURRECTION,

Is moſt humbly inſcribed by

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Moſt Dutiful,

and moſt Obedient

Humble Servant,

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THE RESURRECTION: A POEM.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

The Propoſition—the Invocation—Deſcription of the Prodigies—Fore-runners of the approaching Doom of the World—the Sun is darken'd, and the Trumpet Sounds—the Dead ariſe—and the Paſſions of the Good and Bad deſcrib'd.

——————— cum compage ſoluta
Secula tot mundi ſuprema cóégerit hora,
Antiquum repetens iterum chaos; omnia miſtis
Sidera ſideribus concurrent,
——————— totaque diſcors
Machina divulſi turbabit fœdera mundi. LUCAN.

WHILST others ſing the various Chance of Arms,
Reſound their Monarch's Praiſe, or Beauty's Charms,
Bid thick'ning Squadrons ſhine in deep Array,
Contending Hoſts, and rival Kings diſplay;
Fierce in the Fields of Death a Hero ſhew,
Rebuild fall'n Empires, and old Time renew;

Or ſooth to gentle Notes, the falling Strain,
Paint Nature's Face, or ſing the rural Plain;
Roam thro' the Earth, to Heaven's high Arch aſpire,
And teach our Souls to glow with heavenly Fire.

Raptur'd! may I a Theme more lofty ſing,
And ſtretch ſublime to Heaven th' aſpiring Wing;
Pregnant with dreadful Scenes, that fatal Day,
When flaming Vengeance melts the Ball away;
Nature's laſt gaſping Agonies review,
The wak'ning Dead, and Judge deſcending ſhew;
Launch forth, and wide Eternity explore,
Where Bliſs exceſſive reigns, or fiery Billows roar.

O *Thou*, whoſe Nod, ſuperior and alone,
Ten Thouſand Worlds revere and own thy Throne!
Inſpire my Breaſt, and fire the raptur'd Lays,
And bid each tuneful Note thy Glories raiſe!
Thro' Tracts unknown aſſiſt the Muſe to ſoar,
Paint Nature mould'ring, and old Time no more.
Upborn by *Thee*, ſurmount the Realms of Night,
And roam th' æthereal Fields divinely bright:
Serenely ſing the Trumpet's awful Call,
And view ſerene thy Thunders wrap the Ball!

When now revolv'd the Length of Ages fly,
And in Fate's Record fixt, the Period's nigh;

Aloft in Air then ſhall dread Signs appear,
And tell th' affrighted World its End is near.
Portentous Horrors then ſhall ſhine on high,
And Hoſts encountring ſeem to ſhake the Sky;
Wars in the troubl'd Empyrean wage,
Aerial Squadrons cloſe, and Hoſts engage.
Comets ſhall then their fearful Signs diſplay,
Portentous, Blaze intolerable Day!
O'er Climes aſtoniſh'd ſhake the fatal *Train*,
And ſoar in Storms of Fire, deep fraught with Bane.

The Stars no more ſhall Heav'ns high Arch adorn,
Chear the dim Night, and uſher in the Morn;
But all eclips'd, their ſickly Glories fade,
Or wing'd with Flame, defert th' expanded Shade.
Cruſh other Orbs, on diſtant Spheres be hurl'd,
And into Chaos plunge the reeling World.

Ting'd with a crimſon Hue, the Queen of Night,
Shall, weak and pale, emit a dying Light:
Or chang'd to Blood, or dipt in ſanguine Dye,
Glare diſmal o'er the Earth and ſable Sky.

Then when at Noon direct in flaming Ray,
Shines forth the Sun, and all its Glories play.
A ſudden Gloom the genial Orb ſhall veil,
And midnight Darkneſs o'er the World prevail.

The

The ſwelling Ocean burſts its ancient Bound,
And ſudden Tremours ſhake the lab'ring Ground.
Internal Pangs convulſe the Mountain's Womb,
And trembling Earth foretells th' approaching Doom.
Struck with Surprize, and trembling with Diſmay,
Pale Mortals dread the Terrors of the Day.
Dire Conſternation ſeizes ev'ry Breaſt;
All Strength is wither'd, and all Pride depreſt.
Aghaſt and pale, they view the tott'ring Ball,
Expect their Doom, and Silence rules o'er all.

Then, lo! at once the flaming Portents ceaſe,
Huſht are the jaring Elements in Peace;
Calm'd is the dread Confuſion from on high,
A momentary Silence ſtills the Sky.

'Tis Silence e'er the Scene begins to dawn,
The Mountains tremble, and the Vallies yawn:
At once the Trumpet's bellowing Thunder flies,
At once the Voice tremendous ſhakes the Skies;
Pours forth its dreadful Note and piercing Sound,
From Pole to Pole the mighty Ecchoes bound.

Struck to the Center, ſtaggering Nature reels,
Pangs yet unknown, the lab'ring Fabrick feels.
Earth trembling heard—her hoary Mountains nod,
And own the Splendor of th' approaching God!

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Old Ocean heard —— its mountain Billows riſe,
And heave their Bulk unweildy to the Skies.

With Conſternation ſeiz'd, pale Mortals fly,
A frantick Fear glares in each guilty Eye;
Fluſh'd with a conſcious Shame, their Faces glow,
Above's a threatning Judge, and Hell and Flames below.

But hark! the loud celeſtial Trumpet's Sound!
The Mountains eccho, and the Vales rebound!
Awake! awake! th' inſpired Trumpet cries,
Awake! awake! the Eccho loud replies.
Next Judgment! Judgment! rends the yielding Air,
For Judgment! Judgment! Sons of Man prepare.

Rouz'd by the mighty Peal, the Dead ariſe,
And ſhake th' oppreſſive Slumber from their Eyes.
Wide yawn the Graves, and Death's pale Reign unfold!
Of ſhrouded Myriads, dreadful to behold! ——
More dreadful render'd by the glim'ring Ray,
Shot from the half-extinguiſh'd Lamp of Day.

What did it ſerve in Tyrian Robes to glow,
And bright with circling Gems to crown the Brow?
Ador'd by Nations, ſwell'd with Pride to ſtand,
And graſp th' unweildy Scepter in their Hand?
Diveſted now of all theſe fading Toys,
What horrid Scenes their frighted Mind employs;

Naked and trembling, now with wild Surprize,
They view around them all thoſe Horrors riſe.

O'er all the Globe, th' awak'ning Clangor rolls,
O'er all the Globe, they pour in quick'ned Shoals:
Ev'n in th' Abyſs where mighty Waters ſleep,
Arrous'd they hear, and upwards cleave the Deep;
Struck by the awful Sound, they inſtant riſe
From Tracts of Death, and mingle in the Skies.

But view yon wild Confuſion from on High,
From Clime to Clime, the ſcatter'd Fragments fly;
Members disjoin'd from diſtant Regions come,
And ev'ry Atom ſeeks its ancient Home:
In all the Majeſty of Life they ſhine;
Graceful ſwells forth the Frame, and walks divine.

Now blended in promiſc'ous Throng appear,
Intent th' irrevocable Doom to hear——
If guilty!—oh! what diſmal Scenes ariſe!
Preſent freſh Horrors to their ſick'ning Eyes;
Trembling with Fear, the naked Boſom glows,
Their outward Geſtures paint their inward Woes;
Their Conſcience all its gnawing Terrors darts,
Intolerable Anguiſh wounds their Hearts:
With wild Affright their glaring Eye-Balls ſtare,
Each Look is eloquent of fell Deſpair.

View yon pale Wretch with dire Confuſion ſhook,
What wild Amazement centers in his Look!
Haggard, and wild, his reeling Eye-Balls roll,
And on his Looks, is drawn, his tortur'd Soul.
View all th' infernal Anguiſh of his Mind,
Epitomiz'd in him, view more than half Mankind.
To Heaven they lift their Eyes + there Terrors frown,
And murmuring Thunders haſten to be gone.
Transfixt with Dread, they fly from Pole to Pole,
Imploring Shelter for a guilty Soul;
On the deaf Rocks, importunately call,
In Pity cruſh us, and in Mercy fall!
The Mountains ſtand regardleſs to their Cries,
And leave them to the Vengeance of the Skies.

The Trumpet ſounds afreſh, the Mountains bend.
The Works of Ages in a Moment end:
Vaſt Sheets of red'ning Blaze refulgent play,
On diſtant Kingdoms flaſh portentous Day!
'Midſt all this Wreck of Worlds; the Juſt, ſerene
With pleaſing Terror, view the awful Scene.
What heavenly Flame! what bleſt Emotions flow!
What pious Raptures in each Boſom glow!
With Heart elate the Juſt expect the Hour,
The Wicked bid the yawning Earth devour.

So when in Northern Seas the Winds ariſe,
And heave the dizzy Veſſel to the Skies;
The Ship tormented, ſtagg'ring reels around,
Sublime to Heav'n ſhe mounts, then ſinks profound;
Hangs on a Billow's Verge.—The ghaſtly Crew,
Loſt in Amaze, ſurrounding Terrors view;
In ev'ry Face a pale Deſtraction's ſeen,
A frantick Fear runs ſhiv'ring thro' their Mein.

Death, preſent Death, in each mad Wave they find,
And all their Sins crowd mighty on their Mind.

Oh! how much more! exceſſive more! muſt thoſe
Who ſtand condemn'd to everlaſting Woes,
Feel Pangs exceſſive! Soul-tormenting Pain!
Fancy can't reach, or human Thought explain!

THE

THE RESURRECTION: A POEM.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

The Tribunal plac'd — a Deſcription of it — the Affections of the Righteous and the Wicked upon the Sight of it; the Deſcent of the Meſſiah *deſcrib'd — the Books are open'd, and the fatal Sentence pronounc'd — the Juſt aſcend in Triumph to Heaven; and, looking back, ſee the World in Flames.* ——

Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte coruſcâ,
Fulmina molitur dextrâ: quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugere feræ, & mortalia Corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor: —— VIRG.

WIDE ope the Skies, and ſwift divinely bright
Flaſhes the dazling Splendor on the Sight.
Array'd in all the Majeſty of Day,
In radiant Pomp two Angels wing their Way,
Thro' Heav'ns ſublime, the ſplendid Throne they bear,
The Throne refulgent Streams thro' all the Air.
'Twixt Heaven and Earth the great Tribunal ſhines,
Its Splendor beams thro' Nature's utmoſt Lines;
Celeſtial Gold compos'd th' immortal Throne,
And heavenly Gems in great Profuſion ſhone;

Pure Amber there, and Saphires of the Sky,
And flaming Rubies glow'd with ſanguine Dye;
Pure heavenly Light in purple Columns flow'd,
And all the Throne with crowding Sun-Beams glow'd:
In one bright Blaze, th' immortal Glories play,
And diſtant Worlds reflect ſurprizing Day:
Weak Fancy, plumes th' aſpiring Wing in vain!
An heav'nly Theme demands a heav'nly Strain!

Around the Throne ten Thouſand Forms divine,
Rang'd in bright File, in glitt'ring Splendor ſhine:
The Throne! the righteous Eye with bleſt Delight,
Its ſtreaming Glories quite amaze the Sight;
With holy Rapture feaſts on every Blaze,
With raviſh'd Soul on the Tribunal gaze;
With ardent Wiſh they long to hear their Fate,
And mingling Tranſports in each Boſom beat;
Longing to ſee MESSIAH cleave the Sky,
Chide ling'ring Time, and upwards dart the Eye:
In Thought, his awful Majeſty they view,
And ſee ſerene, the Judge's threat'ning Brow.

They hear, or think they hear, the pleaſing Sounds;
Well done ye Faithful! in each Ear rebounds:
In pleaſing Fancy mount the Fields of Bliſs,
Where Purity immingles Charms with Peace;
And thus with glowing Ecſtacy ſurvey,
The grand Tribunal flaſh exhauſtleſs Day.

The Guilty, conſcious, turn th' averted Eye,
Downcaſt, deſpairing, all its Glories fly;
Black, melancholy Thoughts, torment their Souls,
Gnaws on the Mind, and each ſad Breaſt controuls:
Each Splendor wounds, each Blaze augments their Smart,
And every Glory ſtabs them to the Heart.
If down they look — Hell's Flames torment their Mind;
If up to Heav'n — what Agonies they find!

There to their View, the flaming *Judge* appears,
And the ſad Sentence, dreadful, ſtrikes their Ears.
Conſcience! rouz'd Conſcience! all the Wretch controuls,
Damnation Flaſhes on their guilty Souls.
Ten Thouſand Thouſand ghaſtly Forms ariſe,
And future Judgment ſwims before their Eyes.
In baleful Thought, they view the dreadful *Sire*,
And in wild Fancy roul in curling Flames of Fire.

So, when a Traitor ſtands condemn'd to fall,
And Death ſtares inſtant at the Judge's Call;
The Beams forſake his Eyes, the Blood his Veins,
In every Limb enfeebling Terror reigns;
His Soul tormented bleeds for by-paſt Sin,
And outward Horrors heighten thoſe within.

But Ten-fold happy when compar'd with thoſe,
Who ſtand condemn'd to everlaſting Woes!
Deſpair, in all its Shapes, on each deſcends,
And Ten-fold Horror every Boſom rends.

But

But oh! celeſtial Muſe, again inſpire,
And warm my glowing Breaſt with ſacred Fire;
So, not unequal to th' immortal Lay,
When op'ning Heav'ns th' eternal Hoſts diſplay;
Shall, animated by thy Touch divine,
MESSIAH'S Grandeur ſwell in ev'ry Line.

View thro'-yon breaking Clouds th' immortal Train,
Pour all effulgent thro' th' ætherial Plain;
How thick the Golden Banners wave on high,
And proudly ſwelling, ſweep the Concave Sky!
Forth at their Head, appears th' eternal GOD!
Sublime on Cherubs Wings, he dreadful rode:
Whirlwinds and ratt'ling Storms his Way prepare,
And deep'ning Thunder ſpeak th' approaching Car!
Myriads of Cherubs all around him throng,
And in high Conſort ſwell th' immortal Song.
To theſe ajoin'd, ten Thouſand Trumpets ſound,
Shrill thro' the Spheres, th' ecchoing Notes rebound.
Thus thro' the Heav'ns the Pomp deſcending rode,
Array'd in all the Majeſty of GOD.

Arriv'd at laſt, where flam'd th' eternal Throne,
Thro' Heav'ns high Arch, whoſe blazing Luſtre ſhone;
Awful, on high, *th' eternal Son* aſcends,
Diffus'd around, his matchleſs Glory blends!
How dreadful to the Bad, the Judge is ſeen!
How fraught with Vengeance flames his wrathful Mein!

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To them a Glance of Thunder ſeems to dart;
And every Look ſends Horror to their Heart.

Not ſo the Good!—who wrapt in vaſt Delight,
In all the Charms of Heaven, adore him bright;
Smiling to them, their Judge, their Friend appears!
Their Hope, their Stay, thro' everlaſting Years!

See by the Throne born on th'Arch-Angel's Hands,
Advanc'd on high, th'imperial Enſign ſtands!
Emblaz'd with Gems, its crimſon Dye expands!
Again, the All-awak'ning Trumpet's Call,
Summons t'Attention, all the gather'd Ball.
When, lo! the great, th'eternal Rolls behold!
Which Seraphs full to View, on high unfold.
Drawn by th'eternal Pen, the Lines of Fate,
Pregnant with Men, and Angels' endleſs State.
Theſe fatal Lines, their Sins, diſcloſe to View,
And all their ſecret Crimes of ſable Hue.
Nor Night obſcures, nor Shade retir'd conceals,
For Shades and Night th'Almighty's Eye reveals.

Here too, delineate by th'Almighty's Hand,
Mark'd out in fairer Lines the Pious ſtand.
Who boldly ſtemm'd the Torrent, Vice withſtood,
Severely juſt, and reſolutely good:
Contemn'd Applauſe, and greatly ſcorning Fame,
Which now the Hoſts of Angels loud proclaim.

Now to the Right, the happy Clouds remove,
The deſtin'd Mark of Bliſs, and Sign of Love;
Serene, the diſmal Scenes around they view,
Serene, behold the Judge's threat'ning Brow:
Secure of Bliſs, they view the Heav'ns Diſplay,
And long to ſhine in everlaſting Day.

But on the Left, th' impious Crew is ſeen,
How wild their Looks! how haggard is their Mein!
Their guilty Souls, ten Thouſand Terrors wring,
Above, incens'd in Wrath, they view the King;
Wide yawn the op'ning Gulphs of Hell below,
Around diſſolving Worlds, and fiery Billows flow.
Where ſhall they turn? what Power ſhall they explore?
Whither to fly? and ſeek what ſafer Shore?

Now, univerſal Silence rules o'er all,
Suſpends the dreadful Scene, and lulls the Ball.
Huſh'd Expectation liſtens all the while,
When turning to the Right, th' Eternal deigns a Smile!
Well done ye righteous few! — your Friend is GOD!
Now enter joyous to the bleſt Abode!
Ye ſtill with Pleaſure own'd th' Almighty's Sway,
Serv'd him with Joy, and did his Laws obey;
Still in your Breaſt did generous Ardour glow,
To aid the Injur'd, and to eaſe their Woe;
Pure were your Hands, and holy was your Mind,
Servants to GOD, and Friends to human kind.

'Tis done.—Your Cares and all your Pains are o'er,
Now land for ever on the peaceful Shore!

But hence accurſt! Ye ever impious Train!
Who ſcorn'd my Scepter, did my Laws diſdain!
Who caus'd my ſacred Blood in vain to flow,
Laugh'd at my Groans, and heighten'd ev'ry Woe:
With careful Steps, you choſe the downward Road,
Embrac'd Damnation, and rejected GOD:

Hence from my Preſence! to your deſtin'd Hell,
Where endleſs Horrors brood, and racking Anguiſh dwell.
Theſe Words pronounc'd!—th'eternal Son of GOD,
Ten Thouſand Thunders hiſſing fiery red,
Launch'd dreadful!—downwards hurl'd the guilty Soul
Unto the Bottom of the burning Pool.

And now the Trumpet's Sound is heard once more,
Once more unfurl'd th' immortal Enſigns four;
To ſofter Notes they ſooth the heavenly Strains,
And move in Triumph thro' th'Aerial Plains:
Array'd in pureſt White, the Saints are ſeen,
And Joy ſits ſmiling in their raptur'd Mein;
Each Feature ſparkles, with celeſtial Grace,
And Youth immortal blooms in every Face.
With all the grateful Warmth of Praiſe they fly,
And Hallelujahs eccho thro' the Sky.

Ten Thouſand Harps the grateful Conſort ſwell,
Some touch the Lyre, or ſtrike the ſounding Shell;

Thro'

Thro' diſtant Worlds the length'ning Notes rebound,
And the wide Concave thunders with the Sound.
The liſt'ning Orbs enchanted in their Courſe,
Stand ſtill, and rapt confeſs its thrilling Force.
Thus to Heavens Gates, th' aſcending Triumph rode,
Heav'ns Gates, ſpontaneous, open to the GOD.
Open, and all th' immortal Fields diſplay,
Fields fraught with Bleſs, and bright with endleſs Day.
Downward the happy Nations turn their Eye,
And diſtant Earth, that well-known Seat deſcry.
Now Earth no more! — Flames (in Confuſion all!)
Spread thro' the Whole, and revel thro' the Ball!
A Waſte of Flames! that ever curling grow!
Till kindling Empires all confus'dly glow:
Crackles at once, the Cottage and the Dome,
And Duſt, and Diamonds, to one Maſs are run.
The Vallies ſmoak; — th' eternal Mountains bend,
Loud bellowing Flames, Earth's deep Foundations rend.
In one red Ruin, Hills and Deſerts lie,
Toſt, thro' the Flames, Thrones, Kingdoms, Scepters fly.
Mixt in one Blaze, till all the Flames conſpire,
And the whole Frame in one great Groan expire.

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PART III.

ARGUMENT.

A Deſcription of Hell—Speech of the Damn'd—A Reflection upon it, in an Addreſs to Sinners upon Earth. A Deſcription of Heaven, and their Employments there; with which the Poem concludes.

——————— lucis egenus
Tartarus, horriferos erutans faucibus æſtus,
——————— ſedeſque quietæ:
Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nimbis
Adſpergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruinâ
Cana cadens violat: ſemperque innubilus æther
Integit, & largè diffuſo lumine ridet. LUCRET.

LET now, once more, the Muſe the Scene purſue
And endleſs Scenes of Bliſs or Torment view,
Eternal Depths! and Seas without a Shore!
Where Bliſs runs ſmooth, or fiery Billows roar!
With chilling Horror view the Depths below,
And trace the Gulph of everlaſting Woe.
Regions of Sorrow! doleful Shades! where Peace,
And all its balmy Comforts ever ceaſe!
No Bound controuls th'unwearied Space, but Hell,
Endleſs as thoſe dire Pains that in it dwell;

No roſy Morn does its kind Dawn diſplay;
Nor Sun auſpicious glad the op'ning Day:
Nought there but dreary Deſolation's found,
Intolerable Anguiſh ſtalks around.
Wide flames the burning Bottom of the Pool,
And fiery Seas of fuming Sulphur roll.
Here flames a Furnance, there the rattling Chain
Confines a Wretch to everlaſting Pain.
Theſe, theſe the Regions, where the Bad muſt dwell,
Their Bliſs, their Heaven on Earth, exchang'd for Hell.
Each recollected Pleaſure makes them ſmart,
And every Tranſport ſtabs them to the Heart.
Speechleſs and fixt in all the Depth of Woe,
What mingling Torments in their Boſom glow!
Where'er they throw their baleful Eyes around,
Flames roar tremendous, rattling Chains reſound.
Flames —— greedy to devour, and Chains to cloſe
In endleſs Circuits of eternal Woes.
Welt'ring in Wreaths of everlaſting Fire,
Rack'd are their Souls, nor can their Souls expire.
Ten Thouſand Thouſand Years the Torment flows,
And with freſh Force the fiery Furnace glows.
In every Soul a fiery Deluge reigns,
And mad'ning Fevers revel in their Veins.
Rack'd with Remorſe! what Millions wou'd they give
For one Day more, one Trial more to live.

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By Tears, and Groans, and never ceasing Care,
By all the pious Violence of Prayer,
To bid their Souls in tender Meltings flow,
For Scenes of by-past Sin, and present Woe;
Deep Anguish! —— But too late, they now repent,
Too late bemoan their Sins, and Life misspent!

Gnashing the Teeth, and rattling of the Chain,
Are all the Musick, to the Damn'd, in Pain.
Without, the Sheets of flaming Sulphur roll,
Within, Damnation flashes on the Soul;
Damnation, which Almighty Wrath inspires,
Dæmons inflict, and Conscience feeds the Fires.
Thought! giddy Thought, recoiling, backward flows,
And leaves unfinish'd their excessive Woes.
Shrieks! doleful Shrieks! and Groans are heard around,
And Plaints in these, or Words like these, resound.

'Almighty Father! Heav'ns eternal Sire!
'O hear my Prayer, from boiling Seas of Fire.
'Oh! must my Soul, that Soul thou didst inspire!
'And warm'd with sacred Seeds of heavenly Fire!
'Must it be doom'd to Scenes of endless Pain,
'To roul in Flames, and wrestle with its Chain;
'With Fires malignant, ever to engage,
'Powerful to bear; and satisfy their Rage?
'When thousand Times, ten Thousand Years are run,
'Oh! must my Sorrows still be but begun!

'Why

‘ Why didſt thou ſpeak me into Miſery,
‘ And bad me wretched, when thou badſt me be?
‘ Why didſt thou curſe me with a ſecond Frame,
‘ Rais'd from the Grave, to everlaſting Pain?

‘ Dread Sire! I've ſinn'd, 'tis juſt I feel thine Ire,
‘ And breath my Groans in agonizing Fire:
‘ But can't an Age of Miſery attone,
‘ For a few Years of Sin, ſo ſwiftly gone?
‘ But oh! theſe Pangs! oh! muſt they never end?
‘ Still, ſtill endure! and Thought's laſt Verge tranſcend?
‘ For ever! oh! for ever muſt I dwell,
‘ In theſe dreadful Agonies of Hell?

‘ But if in vain, I wiſh my Pangs may ceaſe,
‘ Then grant at leaſt, one Hour, one Moment's Eaſe!
‘ One Drop of Water to allay this Pain,
‘ This mad'ning Fever in each boiling Vein!

Thus they with fervent Prayer, to grant, implore
That they, or all their Torments, be no more.
In vain! o'erwhelm'd in Seas of fell Deſpair,
Exceſſive Agonies their Boſoms tear!

Say, cou'd'ſt thou, Caitif! brave Almighty Ire,
And lie content, in everlaſting Fire?
With Fiends eternal, ever cou'dſt thou dwell,
With all the damn'd, deſpairing, Souls in Hell?
Bear all the Woe, that centers in the Load
Of Wrath Almighty, and an injur'd GOD?

All

All this, ſay, cou'dſt thou bear? — and vaſtly more
Than Reaſon can, or human Thought explore?
No ſure! — each Senſe with wild Amazement's fraught,
And thy Blood ſhivers at the diſtant Thought.
Muſt it be ſo? — and ſhall the fading Toy,
The fleeting Dream of falſe deluding Joy:
The Flaſh of Pleaſure laſting for a Day,
Shall theſe, to endleſs Rounds of Woe betray?
For theſe, deluded Fool, your Soul reſign
To Flames, to Devils, and to Hell conſign?
The Hour, the fatal Hour ſhall haſt'ning come,
That ſhall for Ages fix the fatal Doom.
But Words are vain to fright; the Wretch will find
Hell's truer Image pictur'd in his Mind.

Theſe Pangs exceſſive, let the Wicked view,
Trace ev'ry Groan, and ev'ry Shriek purſue;
Behold the racking Pain, the twinging Smart,
The bleeding Anguiſh of the tortur'd Heart!
Tremendous as they are: theſe Tortures view,
Then think ye Bad, this Hell is made for you;
For you the fiery Chain, and Furnace glow,
And all the tort'ring Miniſters of Woe.

But now emergent from the Depths below,
Muſe leave theſe gloomy Shades and Realms of Woe:
To Heaven's bright Court direct the gladn'd Wing,
And heavenly Glories all enraptur'd ſing:

With vaſt Delight, o'er the bright Manſions roam,
And raptur'd, hail the ever bleſſed Home.
How pure! how glorious all! and how divine!
How lovely where th' Immortal Court does ſhine!
For tho' thro' all the undivided God,
Thro' vaſt Immenſity diffus'd — Abroad,
Thro' Air, and Earth, and Seas, and the wide Ball,
The Univerſal Preſence ſwells o'er All.
Yet here *Jehovah* all his Pomp diſplays,
And pours his Glory, one unclouded Blaze;
Here keeps his Court, ſuperior and alone.
And Suns and Worlds the Pavement of his Throne.

No more the Sun's faint Rays the Day adorn,
Nor Evening Cynthia ſwells her Silver Horn:
No more the Day and Night alternate reign,
Nor Darkneſs ſpread o'er Heav'n her deep Domain;
But GOD himſelf ſhall ſhine eternal Day,
And each bleſt Soul drink an immortal Ray.

Oh! ſay ye Seraphs, frequent in his Sight.
What Flows you feel, of ever freſh Delight!
For, who but you, can tell theſe Joys Abroad,
Felt from the bliſsful Viſion of the GOD?
How does his Preſence, cloudleſs, calm, impart,
And ſmile eternal Joy on every Heart!
To him, inraptur'd, all th' immortal Choir
Stretch the full Note, and ſtrike the ſounding Lyre.

From Age to Age, the grateful Lay prolong,
And in rich Concert swell th' immortal Song:
Bid vaſt Immenſity his Praiſes ſound,
And wond'ring Worlds thro' all their Spheres refound.

While thus they pour their Soul in ev'ry Lay,
Some roam Abroad and tread the milky Way;
Wand'ring thro' all the Mazes of the Sky,
And, where no Thought can reach, unbounded fly.
Admire the Wonders of th' Eternal round,
And Suns and Worlds profuſely flung around;
Thro' all the vaſt Magnificence explore,
Infinite Depths; and Seas without a Shore!
Some, wrapt in Wonder, ſilently admire
Th'Almighty's Works, warm'd with celeſtial Fire;
Others, retir'd, by Contemplation's Eye,
Into the Depths of Fate, intenſely pry:
At once look through, the whole, the great Deſign!
And ſee th'Almighty's Hand in ev'ry Line;
Reſolve of Providence, the ſecret Maze!
And trace the pathleſs Wonders of his Ways;
See to what Point the artful Windings tend,
And where the regular Diſorders end.
At once the Miſts, which now ſurround us fly,
And Truth's fair Fields, unbounded, fill the Eye:
Congenial Ardour ev'ry Breaſt inſpires,
And glows, refin'd, with Friendſhip's pureſt Fires;

While

While Saints and Seraphs mingle Flame with Flame,
Mutual each Tranſport, and each Wiſh the ſame.
There Truth and Innocence for ever ſpring,
And Peace ſtill hov'ring, ſpreads her candid Wing:
The Streams of Life from Springs perennial roll,
And pours the Floods of Bliſs on ev'ry Soul;
Pleaſures! that with Increaſe of Ages grow,
As Rivers roll, and widen as they flow!
Wide as their Wiſh, and ſpotleſs as their Mind,
Unmixt as God, and as Heav'ns Fires refin'd!
Eternal! —— there th'audacious Thought reſtrain,
Nor pry thro' all the boundleſs Gulphs in vain,
Search back-paſt Records, all the Periods ſcan;
Since firſt ſhone forth the Sun, and Time began:
To theſe add Thouſand Thouſand Ages more,
Till lab'ring Fancy ſinks, and Thought can graſp no more.
Heap Age on Age, and when the Period's run,
A whole Eternity is but begun.

But why this Toil, to ſwell the tuneful Strain,
In Words, at beſt, but elegantly vain?
Immortal Joys o'erpower a mortal Breaſt
Too great, till felt, by Words to be expreſt.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

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